Volume LXXVIII CHICAGO, November 9, 1916 Number 10

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE SOURCE

Unto the blooms of the mystical garden of solace,
Unto the boles of the boundless garden of peace,—
Shut from the rumor of earth's loud pleasures and follies,—
Bourne where earth's passionate discords dwindle and cease,—
Where the fountain of life, more vast than the cup of the ocean,
Is brimming the souls of men with its quickening potion,—
Thither I send my drooping, battle-scarred soul;
Knowing that after one golden hour of ease,—
With the lilt of creation's dawn in its every motion,—
Back shall it wing to me, masterful, buoyant, whole.

—*Robert Haven Schauffler*

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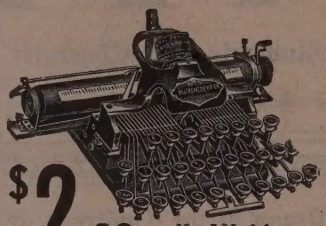

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXVIII THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1916 NUMBER 10

WOMAN AND WAR.

I have heard praise of you, because you fling,
Tearless and proud, son after golden son
Into the maw of this abhorrèd thing
That even poets grow ashamed to sing:
This bloody dream of bayonet and gun,
This obscene idol shutting out the sun,
This goblin with so wild a glory crowned,
So decked with dazzle of old words that flame
Along the heart, and girt with such sweet sound
Of lying music—men still call it fame
To do this murder with a laureled name.

Ah! women, blindly noble, now to you
Is given Time's divinest deed to do:
To pluck this madness from the mortal brain;
To root from out the very thoughts of men
This dread inheritance, this ghost that dwells
In the dark swamps beneath the soaring soul,
This shuddering larva of old lusts and hells
Feeding on radiance, making foul the scroll
Of man's ascension; out of language tear
Any bright word that makes this foulness fair,
Strip off the gold, and show the monster there—
Till men forget, or a wild legend deem,
That such a thing as War was once a dream,
And man's supremest vanity to kill.

The upturned faces of a million dead
Plead to the sky; there is no help but you,
O women! you that proudly harvested
Out of your travail all this flower of men
That rots like rubbish out in wind and rain;
With cynic fury, like a shattered hoard,
Broken and wasted—the young future furled
In heart and head gone like a vanished world;
Treasure of bodies piteously adored
In ribald violation tossed and torn
That desecrates the holy name of Death—
Were they for this so mystically born,
And from your hearts so strangely filled with breath!

Ah! battles worthy of the soul to fight
There shall not lack; for still the Ancient Night
Girds us about, and slowly climbs the morn.
For these, O women, mighty is our need
Of men, to do a more courageous deed
Than rushing blindly on an open grave.
O teach us nobler ways of being brave,
And other harder ways of being strong;
Rear us up sons, and rear us daughters, too,
O women, for we have no help but you—
To dare new conflicts with new ways of wrong—
But give no more your children to the flame,
To glut this infamy that once was fame.

—*Richard Le Gallienne.*

McClure's for May 1916.

No better evidence of the essential soundness of the intelligent mind and the disenthralled heart can be offered than the abiding and ever widening interest in Abraham Lincoln. The steady stream of Lincoln books which, when accumulated, form a library, continues. Lord Charnwood, a titled Englishman, now offers a volume of 500 pages in loving interpretation and hearty praise, as befits an Englishman, of the "greatest of American democrats." The book gives generous space to Lincoln's forerunners and colleagues from Alexander Hamilton to Jefferson Davis. It cannot fail to serve as a rebuke to boastful militarism, feverish nationalism, and to prove a tonic to the waning faith in democracy now so painfully manifested on both sides of the Atlantic.

UNITY has had frequent allusion to the work of Reverend Harry F. Ward, once a suspected Methodist preacher "beyant the yards," in Chicago, who has had much to do with laboring men and unions, and is now a professor in the Sociological Department of Boston University and associate secretary of the Federal Council Commission on the Church and Social Service. A leaflet from his pen, issued at 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City, entitled "Social Service, What Is It?" is an attempt to answer the question for young people, and contains information that would not come amiss to people not so very young. The same commission issues a Social Service Catechism, of which Professor Rauschenbusch, Graham Taylor, Mr. Ward and others are joint authors.

Now that the war of words is over, the blare of trumpets and the rattle of guns silenced for the while, perhaps there will be time enough for the right-minded to do a little studying of the Mexican question and of world-peace programs. As an aid to such study, we commend the data presented by George H. Shibley, director of the Research Institute of Washington, D. C., and president of the League for World Peace, 208 Madison Avenue, New York City. In this pamphlet of sixty-four pages, lines of investigation and suggestions for study in many directions are offered. The Monroe Doctrine, Jefferson's statements, Garfield's and Blaine's program for pan-Americanism, the attitude of existing parties, and material prepared for ante-election uses, are more profitable for study, perhaps, in post-election days when the reader has a little time to think between the shoutings.

The "World Needs a Church Heartily One," says the beloved brother, William Pierson Merrill, pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York City, in which UNITY joins in a hearty "Amen!" "The evil spirit of division must be utterly cast out. Men

today must work with their fellow Christians!" Yes, and with their fellows who may not be Christians in a technical sense, but who belong to the Samaritan band and who go about with the Nazarene doing good. "Extreme partisans must not dominate brother hearts," says Brother Merrill. Amen, again! We pick up the lines with which the article by Doctor Merrill in *The Continent* closes:

"Come then! Since all things call us,
The living and the dead;
And o'er the weltering tangle
A glimmering light is shed;
Come then! Let us cast off fooling;
For this at least we know,
That the dawn and the day are coming,
And forth the banners go."

The news that the Poles are to have an opportunity of rehabilitating the state and that Poland is to rise again into the sunlight after a century of submergence, is news that under other circumstances would send a thrill around the world. Now there is much room for doubting the sincerity of the German powers, a suspicion that it is a military expediency, and a large distrust of any good coming out of the present entanglements of Europe. Still we are inclined to welcome the news as an harbinger of the coming day. It may be that out of the travail of war, Hungary as well as Austria and Prussia will become part of a Germanic empire, tutored by the mistakes of bloodshed toward an ultimate democracy. We wait for the next "news from the seat of war," and that is that Russia will have taken real steps toward the enfranchisement of the Jewish population, giving to this most abused and most deserving race on earth its civic rights and its chance to a place in the sun. This would be the greatest achievement that the Allies can possibly make toward Peace. When Germany has given home government to the Poles, Russia guaranteed political justice to the Jews, then England may do belated justice to Ireland, and the United States of America will be shamed into an application of the principles of which it has so long boasted, but so persistently betrayed: Independence to the Philippines, political justice to the colored man of the South, justice to the immgrant, a chance to the employe, God-given rights to the child, and the enfranchisement of woman. All these things lie in the program of the Internationalist, the only program that can long enlist the interest or awaken the enthusiasm of clear-minded and strong-hearted men and women.

Notwithstanding the persistent silence on the part of the "great dailies" concerning the growth of the peace sentiment, and the activities that indicate an international life that is at this very moment active, aggressive and to a degree self-conscious, the editorial crate of UNITY is loaded with pamphlets, circulars and charts all issued in the interest in one way or another of the internationalism tabooed by the "papers," shied by the politicians, feared by the "capitalists" and "masters of industry," but which is the desire of the multitudes, the prayer of the common heart everywhere. We append a few titles and comments concerning this literature: "A Fight for Peace," by Sidney L. Gulick, published by the Federal Council of Churches, 105 E. Twenty-second Street, New York City, sold in paper for thirty-five cents and in clubs of ten or more for 25 cents. The book is endorsed by Doctors Lynch, MacFarland, Faunce, Moxon and Francis E. Clarke, and many others. It offers a constructive program that is practical and disproves the shallow criticism that pacifists are dreamers. God forbid that they should cease to be that, but they are dreaming dreams more real than the wakeful timidity of the blind followers of Mammon and of Mars can ever know. Issued from the same office is a model constitution for the federation of churches in county and city. The "suggestion" is suggestive, even though it be inadequate and indicates a half-way house in which travelers toward the Holy City may lodge for a night. They will want to move on when morning comes. What is wanted is not a *federation* of the ninety-three different evangelical bodies strikingly listed in another circular entitled "Why," but an heroic FUSION, an absolute obliteration of the irritating lines that do not even go skin deep in the communities they aim to serve. The list before us is not only an exposition of economic waste, but of spiritual deadness and religious torpidity. Six Advent bodies, six Dunkard divisions, twenty Lutheran, fifteen Baptist, sixteen Methodist, twelve Presbyterian varieties; Disciples, Protestant Episcopal, Evangelical, United Brethren, each represent dual divisions, while even the Quakers, bless them! are marshalled in four different battalions. But this enumeration only partly discloses the sin of schism which, when sincere, carries with it the atoning virtue that belongs to sincerity; but here is a lot of insincerity ever in danger of crystallizing into hypocrisy, for all these schisms are bracketed under the word "evangelical." The omitted heretical churches, Unitarian, Universalist, Jewish, and all grades of independency, may be a negligible quantity in the Christian army, mobilized in the interest of peace, but the Unitarian, Universalist and kindred heresies comfortably ensconced in orthodox pews, and that find more or less constant reiteration of their views in Evangelical pulpits,—these are active microbes that are fast disintegrating and reorganizing the whole evangelical lump. And it is a reorganization in the interests of a spiritual life that is even now demanding co-operative expression.

The Day After Election

The Editor of UNITY prefers to write his editorial on the above subject the day before election, lest undue exaltation or unnecessary depression may too much influence the judgment and put into the article excess or deficiency of color.

In common with the sensitive and sensible American people everywhere, we are glad it is all over. The useless noise, the waste of money, the extravagance of enthusiasm is all to be regretted. How cheap and mean seems, now that the election is over, much of the parading and shouting, how unkind all our treatment of opponents, how unfair we have been in argument, how unjust in recrimination. What indignities were offered the human mind in the way it refused to see the shadings, to make allowances and to take men and women at their best and not at their worst. We are glad that today we begin a season of reconstructing our self-respect, of readjusting our civic judgments and our estimates of human nature.

Perhaps the most impressive reaction of the election is a sense of wasted money. In the face of the accumulating cries of emaciated women, starving babies, inadequately nursed, human beings shredded in the horrible machinery of war, come these high-handed subscriptions written in five and six figures, both leading parties advertising their extravagances in the millions. Let it be understood, rural simplicity notwithstanding, all this noise and eloquence, the printers' ink and base drum parading, had to be paid for in hard cash. The great auditoriums, the free flags, the billboard announcements, newspaper broadsides, the last extravagance of parties, all had to be paid for, oftentimes at inflated rates. A recent parade in the loop district intended to represent spontaneous enthusiasm for one of the candidates, was halted in mid-street by a laborers' strike in one of the bands, and there was a hurried compromise of capital and labor then and there, so that the stream of enthusiasm might not be interrupted. There is shame due somewhere. Shame on the men and women who had so little faith in their candidates, were so distrustful of the principles they stood for, that they had to reinforce their faiths with these coarser motives and vulgar appeals. Shame, thrice shame, to the men and women who have been so affluent in these coarser politics that they must be mean for some time hence towards the real claims of humanity, the permanent interests of the community, the abiding concerns of religion.

But there is a hopeful side in all this. Democracy is in the making. Systematic noise-making is at least a human accomplishment and extravagance in printers' ink is more refining than similar investments in beer and whisky. The morning before election the three leading daily papers in Chicago had an average of six full page advertisements with ample display and cartoon enforcement. The cost of these full page advertisements is known only to the "big business men," for only "big business" can indulge in such sumptuous advertising. But here were aspirants for local offices, men whose normal market value of wage earning power perhaps would not reach five thousand dollars per annum, seeking office at millionaire rates. One obscure lawyer hired a whole page of newspaper in which to print in diamond type four or five columns of names of "Reverends" who were anxious that he should be exalted. It matters not that most of the "Reverends," like the candidate, were unused to such publicity, it all cost money and somebody paid the bills.

The day after election carries with it elements of congratulation more inspiring than the fact that it is all over with. We hasten to congratulate our chief executive, victor by the wide flung vote of many peoples diverse in tongues, religions and social standing. He has been exalted to the most responsible position offered to any human being on earth, the presidency of the greatest Republic. We congratulate him, for now he has an opportunity of making good his high promises and of applying his progressive theories. He brings to his chance exceptional training; all that the universities, successful discipline in his profession, extensive experience in public office could do has been done for the candidate elect.

We further congratulate the country in having elected a man that we believe to be sincere, one actuated by high patriotic motives, by a man who, at least for the time, believed what he said during the campaign.

We further believe that the American people will be loyal to the President elect. The distrust of those who voted against him was born out of high solicitation for the well-being of our country. His opponents are no longer his enemies. They are prepared to hear a good report of his administration and are ready to support him in his high endeavors.

UNITY hastens also to congratulate the defeated party. He has won honorable escape from an unenviable job. He did what he could to secure his election which in his mind became identical with the well-being of his country. He did his best to save the country from the calamity that would follow the election of his opponent. Now he can wash his hands of responsibility. It is up to the other man to make good.

We congratulate the country that beneath all the extravagance of the campaign, the absurd claims of campaign orators, the coarse parade of money and multitudes, the suspension of good manners and defiance of careful reasoning, the great bulk of the American people knew that all this was surface work; they

were amused, perchance excited, but not persuaded. As the returns show, there was a large amount of individual thinking and independent voting. There was an increase of those who voted without hope of a majority and consequently were guided alone by principle and conviction. This is perhaps the most hopeful result of the election. If one would analyze carefully the election returns, let him give much thought to the socialist and prohibition vote, for they represent votes uninfluenced by hope of reward. The privacy and sanctity of the Australian voting booth have been splendidly vindicated and profoundly exemplified in yesterday's election.

And now abideth the old, ever new, problem of state craft, how to take politics out of the hands of the spellbinding politician, the corrupting boss, the brutal partisan leader.

And again, now that the election is over, every loyal citizen will hasten to lay aside the mantle of the partisan and proceed to clothe himself in the larger garment of the patriot, and so to grow in his patriotism that he becomes a co-worker. Now that naval appropriations, big army schemes and bumptious mobilization of innocent youths along the harmless boundary line, are no longer elements in politics, only so much stuff for partisan exploitation, let us hope, notwithstanding the bluster on the one hand and the apologizing on the other, a sane reaction will speedily take place and the dream of "a biggest navy in the world" and a foolish standing army, will never be realized. The intelligent citizen of the United States will resume his unbroken sleep of nights in a country well defended by the righteousness of its administration, its remoteness in space and time from the sword bearers and crown wearers of the world. UNITY is hopeful and suggests three cheers for the newly elected.

TO ARCADY.

Across the hills of Arcady
Into the land of Song—
Ah, dear, if you will go with me
The way will not be long.

It does not lie through solitudes
Of wind blown woods or sea;
Dear, no! the city's weariest moods
May scarce veil Arcady.

'Tis in no unfamiliar land
Lit by some distant star;
See! Arcady is where you stand,
And song is where you are.

Then go but hand in hand with me—
No road can lead us wrong;
Here are the hills of Arcady—
This is the Land of Song.

—Charles Buxton Going.

THE PULPIT

A Psalm of the Inner Life—XXIII

III.

"Still Waters and Green Pastures."

PEACE

A Sermon Preached by Jenkin Lloyd Jones at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, October 22, 1916.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters.

In the life eternal, Father, would we live. We would abide in the eternities of truth, the eternities of right, the undying life of love. Lift us, Father, by the power of our own thought, by the prayers of our own hearts, by the hunger of our own souls on to those peaceful heights whereon shines forever the eternal Sun of Righteousness. Thy peace, O God, we seek; the peace of wisdom, of righteousness and of love. Amen.

Turbulence, violence, agony of body and agony of mind, the fever of dispute, the restlessness of the contentious spirit are all about us, and what is worse, occupy the rebellious chamber of our own hearts and minds.

Down through the ages, born upon the wings of faithful souls, comes this idyllic picture of green pastures and still waters. Sublimity is allied to tranquillity and sublimity is of the Hebrew. This hymn of the inner life is translated into the vernacular of today as of those of ages gone. Between our curses and our oaths, between our contentions and disputes, glimpses of the everlasting calm of the stars, touches of quiet moonlight and the penetrating sanctity of the sunlight we dare say, "He leadeth me beside the still waters. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."

There is a peace born of nature to whoever would commune with her. There is a peace to be found at her altars. The great out-of-doors is no place in which to pick a quarrel between man and man or man and his God. The humbler preachers of nature, the birds and the flowers, woo us to the green pastures and lure us to the side of still waters.

Wordsworth, while sojourning in Germany, was wont daily to take his walks near a lake in order to commune with the hawk that became his familiar. Keats sang his song of "The Nightingale." Cowper rested in the companionship of rabbits. John Muir cleared his brain in studying mountain sheep. Thoreau found peace with the squirrels. Enos Mills found the roots of sociology and religion with his beavers. Sir John Lubbock spelled out the questions of statehood with his bees.

The latest poet to come to my table is an Irish lad whom his interpreter, calls "the poet of the blackbird." Francis Ledwidge, Irish peasant, is endorsed in his volumes of verse by his Captain, Lord Dunsany who gives the grim information that this rustic youth last October joined the "5th Regiment of the Inniskilling Fusiliers," and that he is "active somewhere on Kitchener's lines." Says the preface, "All his future books lie on the knees of the gods. May they not be the only readers." This country lad tried to adjust himself to the conditions of the city. He found a "job" in Dublin but when sixteen years old he went

back home to the humble hut in the country and walked one night thirty miles to his own home. These lines tell the story:

I walk the old frequented ways
That wind around the tangled braes,
I live again the sunny days
Ere I the city knew.

. . . .

Above me in the hundred schools
The magpies bend their young to rules,
And like an apron full of jewels
The dewy cobweb swings.

. . . .

Above me smokes the little town,
With its whitewashed walls and roofs of brown
And its octagon spire toned smoothly down
As the holy minds within.

And wondrous impudently sweet
Half of him passion, half conceit,
The blackbird calls adown the street
Like the piper of Hamelin.

I hear him, and I feel the lure
Drawing me back to the homely moor,
I'll go and close the mountain's door
On the city's strife and din.

In another mood and in a mind riper by some years, he said:

I closed the book of verse where Sorrow wept
Above Love's broken fane where Hope once prayed,
And thought of old trysts broken and trysts kept
Only to chide my fondness. Then I strayed
Down a green coil of lanes where murmuring wings
Moved up and down like lights upon the sea,
Searching for calm amid untroubled things
Of food and water. The industrious bee
Sang in his barn within the hollow beech,
And in a distant haggard a loud mill
Hummed like a war of hives. A whispered speech
Of corn and wind was on the yellow hill,
And tattered scarecrows nodded their assent
And waved their arms like orators. The brown
Nude beauty of the Autumn sweetly bent
Over the woods, across the little town.

. . . .

. . . A soft peace came to me when the West
Shut its red door and a thin streak of moon
Was twisted on the twilight's dusky breast.
It wrapped me up as sometimes a sweet tune
Heard for the first time wraps the scenes around,
That we may have their memories when some hand
Strikes it in other times and hopes unbound
Rising see clear the everlasting land.

Yes, there is a peace at the heart of nature. However turbulent man may be, he who has learned to commune with field and water, hill and valley, flower and bird, need never travel the road of the despairing.

But nature reaches up through matter into mind. There is a peace that waits upon the thoughtful heart. There are "still waters" and "green pastures" for the student. There is a joy in study. Archimedes was absorbed in his angles and his problems when the enemy was at the city gate. "Give me the great thought, that I may refresh myself with it" says Richter.

Happy is he who has learned the joy of thinking, companioned is he who has learned to live with the immortals. Parties and corporations, cities and nations may perplex, discourage and distract us but books well chosen never betray us. The thinkers well selected, ever accompany us. There is a peace that comes to the aspiring mind not born of stupidity. A mind attuned to the search of truth, unwittingly and unconsciously finds itself accompanying the Eternal. God waits upon the steps of the thoughtful.

But there is a still finer and higher piety than that of the head. The soul that loves, escapes the passions of the cruel, the unrest of selfishness. Where love is, there is contentment and peace. God dwells with the lowly in heart in a hovel. "Better a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. God dwells in the loving heart as our own experience often testifies and finds glad co-operation in the testimony of the saints and the appeals of the sages. What else is the message of Hugo and Tolstoy? What is the burden of Ruskin and Carlyle other than that peace comes where love is, tranquillity comes from kindness. James Boyle O'Reilly quaintly arrives at the same truth in this way:

"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said a maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer;—

Spake my heart full sadly,
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret;
Kindness is the word."

Kindness is the key that unlocks the gates of hate. Kindness is the spirit that laughs at poverty. Kindness is the mantle that warms the naked and cheers the loving heart.

Blanco White the sad, lonely philosopher, the gentle heretic of England of the last century tells us how he was comforted, soothed and encouraged when Margaret the servant sat in the room.

But there is still a higher more direct road to the "green pastures and still waters" of the Almighty. That is the path of duty. "Stern daughter of the voice of God" Wordsworth calls her. Conscience guards the hunted, abates the pangs of the hungry, shelters and clothes the naked. Conscience is ever the mountain path that leads to God. He who obeys its mandates, finds the "rod" I spoke of last Sunday, changed into the Shepherd's "staff" that does not fail us.

At another time when I spoke of the "piety of the heart" and the "piety of the head," one listener said, "That is all very well but now preach on the piety of the stomach and you will have completed the trinity." I accept the suggestion. We do know that good air, good food and clean water are blessed messengers of peace, are divine helpers that guide the children of God to where "green pastures and still waters" are. But we also know, do we not, that a good stomach is no guarantee of a peaceful mind; a well groomed body does not necessarily bring sleep. On the contrary, the poor rickety wrecked body of Moses

Mendelssohn gave tenantryto the keenest spirit of his time and the sincerest soul, one of the serene souls of German history.

Heine on his mattress-grave found communion with things divine and he tabernacled with truth eternal.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning in her darkened room, sang her heart out in such melodious tones that they wooed and won the greatest singer then living in England.

The piety of the stomach will not bring the peace which piety of the intellect and piety of heart and piety of conscience alone can bring. But all these are roads that lead to the happy valleys where pastures green invite us and waters still delight us.

The last thing I want to say is that the same conditions of peace obtain for nations as to individuals. The moral law is as supreme among nations as it is in the home. Still waters and green pastures await the politician who travels the heavenly road thereto. Still waters and green pastures invite the statesman who is willing to travel these roads.

Another book that reached me this last week is entitled "Above the Battle" by Romain Rolland, the French novelist of fame and power. This man driven from his beloved France by the intensity of the passion surging around him, finds relief in the highlands of Switzerland, while serving as an international exchange between the prisoners of war and their loved ones. He is able to look over the trenches, beyond the battle lines, and to realize today, what all must realize some day, that beneath the trenches and above the battle flags lies the eternal calm of those who live with God. The battling nations are at peace only in so far as their hearts are attuned to kindness and their minds are committed to truth eternal and universal.

So this child of the spirit, from the highlands of service, sees now what all will see some day, that Briton and Teuton, Gaul and Russ are brothers who have more in common than they have in difference. They are comrades in the realm of truth, co-workers in the domain of science, fellow confessors at the altars of love and no mighty generalship, no relentless charges on battle lines will destroy the fundamental peace that still binds Europe, today and now. Rolland calls the present war "An old man's war" which title is reacclaimed by an Englishman who is now sojourning in this city, author of "The Strong Man's House." The old men have plunged the nations into war. The young men, the students of science, the fresh voices in poetry, Rolland tells us from the highlands "Above the Battle," are beginning to recognize, above battle noises, chanting clear and strong, the symphony of the nations. He quotes from Franz Werfel one of the younger German poet dreamers, who says:

> We are bound together not only by our common words and deeds, but still more by the dying glance, the last hours, the mortal anguish of the breaking heart. And whether you bow down before the tyrant, or gaze trembling into the beloved's countenance, or mark down your enemy with pitiless glance, think of the eye that will grow dim, of the failing breath, the parched lips and clenched hands, the final solitude, and the brow that grows moist in the last agony. . . Be kind. . . Tenderness is wisdom, kindness is reason. . . . We are strangers all upon this earth, and die but to be reunited.

Says Rene Schickele, a young Alsatian on the other side of the battle line,

> It seems good to us to begin the work of reconstruction, in the midst of the war, and to aid in preparing for the victory of the spirit. The community of Europe is at present apparently destroyed. Is it not the duty of all of us who are not bearing arms, to live from today onwards according to the dictates of our conscience, as it will be the duty of every German when once the war is over?

"Preparing for the victory of the spirit!" is his hope. Oh, the victories of the body are brief. The heroism of the charge is so common that it becomes vulgar. The victorious achievements of all nations are resplendent with the passing triumphs of heroes, reading from private to general. But the victory of the spirit which is the victory of him who triumphed on Calvary is the triumph of the serene man of the street who drank the hemlock to the dismay of his companions, not to his own. The victory of the spirit alone has marked a trail of love and helpfulness that continues clear through the centuries.

This brings us to the higher peace that is found in this great hymn of the inner life.

Never more, God helping us, may we read this comforting Psalm without trying to give to the picture, a national and international interpretation. You and I have no right to fall back on the comforts of nature, the beauty of bird and flower, the majesty of mountain and river unless we are to spell the Gospel of God in terms of internationalism, unless we are prepared to extend that "peace that passeth understanding" not for ourselves and our own only but to all of the children of God.

The sword is passing and no peace can come by its victories. We postpone the day when we fling our millions into the coffers of army and navy. We delay the day when we take council of the sagacious guardians of commerce and the promoters of trade. "Plenty" never yet won immortality to man or to nation. "Prosperity" has often spelled disgrace; disease and death as often spelled progress. It is only when these wait upon the clear mind, when these make common cause with the loving heart, inforce the dictates of conscience and augment the yearning of the soul for justice, that they bring peace.

So again I have tried to lift another fragment of this great Psalm of the inner life into its universal bearing. The human heart has seen to it that these comforting lines are preserved through the stormy ages. The human intellect has guarded this precious anthem. The human conscience has found it a haven and a fortress. It has been saved that in the fullness of time it may be heard in the cabinets of kings and presidents, in the council chambers of nations and written in the statute books of the world.

"Green pastures and still waters" await the nation as the individual, when it is in league with truth, attuned to beauty, when it has reached that highest good that O'Reilly sings of as "Kindness is the word."

These distressing ante-election days are hard to live in, not because great issues are on trial, not because grave differences must be spelled out to the clear, but because minds otherwise attuned to reason, grow so dogmatic, and hearts otherwise tuned to gentleness and to fairness, grow harsh and unjust. All because human nature in this country of ours is *mis*represented by the agitators. The human soul is *de*graded by the partisan bias that fails to do justice to the wrong on your own side and the right on the other. There are no "still waters" or "green pastures" in American

politics today, except to those who preserve to a degree their intellectual poise, those who now more than ever before take council of history. All such know that the destinies of this nation are not bound up with either party, not identical with the success of any other candidate or set of candidates. Such know that many a candidate may find damnation in his triumphs, many a party find its disgrace in its success.

"The Lord is my shepherd" it is *he* who leads me beside the still waters and *he* maketh me to lie down in green pastures. Peace comes from no other source.

Lead us, Father, in the way of truth, of light and service, that we may in Thine own good time find peace in Thy green pastures beside Thy still waters. Amen.

"BALM FOR THE SOULS OF MEN."

(In William James' labratory, a friend asked:
"What are you doing there?"
"I am seeking balm for the souls of men," replied the philosopher.)

I

Balm for the souls of men,—
He sought for it through all his mortal years,
To heal men's heart-hurts and to dry their tears,
To make them whole again.
—O kindly master with the deep dark eyes,
And didst thou find, this side of Paradise,
Balm for the souls of men?

II

We saw thee many an hour,
In that old Harvard hall 'neath bowering trees,
Ever with infinite pains yet quiet ease
And heaven-sent power,
Questing for Light and Truth.
—O high of heart and with thy fadeless youth,
In memory I see thee searching still
For that medicament for mortal ill!

III

Balm for the souls of men,—
How from thy moving voice, thy eager pen,
It flowed,—we apprehend, who cherish yet
Those radiant hours, nor can forget
Thy glorious searching on the seas of time
For that whose blissful worth I may not tell
In my poor perishable rime,—
Albeit I loved thee well,
And in my dreaming see thee seek again
Balm for the souls of men.

In Harvard Graduate's Magazine. —*John Russell Hayes.*

HAVE YOU FORGOT, OH MEN?

Oh men that fight, that squander youth and blood,
That trample ruin grounds where cities stood,
Oh men that hate and kill, or love and die,
And wound the pale green earth and smirch the sky,
Is it for country that you spurn your God?
Is it for love of your poor native sod?

Oh men that rush to war with flags unfurled,
Have you, oh troubled men, forgot your world?

—Geneva W. Harrison.

I see not but that my road to heaven lieth through this very valley. *Bunyan.*

Some Moral Heroisms of the Great War

An Interview with a Prominent English Pacifist

Rev. Leyton Richards, of Manchester, England, a prominent English pacifist, is in this country to supply the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, N. Y., until mid-November. He recently resigned the pastorate of the Bowdon Church, Manchester, owing to his inability to endorse war from a Christian standpoint, and our own Dr. Dunning is stated supply as his successor. Much of the news he brings is such that the British censor will not permit it to leave the country. Though he is opposed to militarism Mr. Richards is a loyal Englishman, and he wishes it distinctly understood that whatever in his words seems like criticism of his country is really criticism of the war-system everywhere. "The English people went into the war from the loftiest motives," he declares, "but motives do not sanctify methods, and the methods of war are always antithetical to the methods of Jesus Christ. That is why conscription necessarily issues in the strangling of civil and religious liberty."

As Mr. Richards was my guest amid the peaceful surroundings of a Maine seaside resort, his stirring tale of persecution for conscience sake, of majestic loyalties to principle despite overwhelming public opinion, of men who fearlessly look into the muzzles of the executioners' rifles rather than surrender their allegiance to the Prince of Peace, sounded like a page from the chronicles of the Quakers of the seventeenth century.

Mr. Richards is one of the executive committee of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, an organization of devout souls who "believe as Christians that they are not free to take part in war, and that they are called instead to give whatever testimony of love they are able to their country and to their brethren." In obedience to these convictions these conscience-heroes of the twentieth century refuse to volunteer or work on munitions, decline to drill when conscripted, and yield not one whit even when moral suasion and ridicule and personal unpopularity are their portion. "To break their spirit" they are often bullied with unspeakable brutality in the barracks and camps and finally in some cases dispatched to the front though untrained and incapable. Here the commanding officer has the right, for insubordination, to administer various punishments as prescribed by the Army Act, including a barbarous survival known officially as "No. 1 Field Punishment."

The arms of the victim are stretched above the head and lashed to a gun-carriage wheel or other object so that the weight of the body rests on the wrists. Here he is left for varying periods up to two hours a day. Finally orders are given, disobedience to which constitutes mutiny. Of necessity there follows a court martial, and the victim is sentenced to be shot. Thirty-four men have been so dealt with, many of them Quakers, but to the credit of British public opinion, let it be said that up to date no one of these sentences has been executed. The matter was raised in Parliament by Mr. Philip Snowden and others, and the sentences were commuted to ten years penal servitude, which these high principled men are now serving in the convict prisons of England.

"We realize perfectly the plight in which the authorities are placed with respect to the conscientious ob-

jector," admitted my guest. "His scruples are certainly subversive of military discipline. He is the herald of a new order; he is the idealist who blazes the trail which civilization must follow, or perish. Naturally the old order of brute violence has no place for such a man."

Parliament inserted a conscience clause in the conscription act, a thing which no other country but England has done; the intention was to respect conscience, but as worked out by the military authorities, Parliament is flouted and conscience is either coerced or penalized. The conscientious objector is laughed at to begin with, but before long even the coarsest Tommy Atkins comes to respect the fellow that can't be scared. A part of the difficulty, moreover, lies in the character of the "deserters" who thus earn the government's disfavor. They are university men, college professors, authors, thoughtful men in the Labor movement, business men in their respective communities. They are patriots of whose loyalty and public service in other ways than this matter of military duty there can be no question. "That the military system has to outlaw such men," said my friend, "is in itself a damning criticism of militarism, for loyalty to Christian conscience and military discipline cannot co-exist; one or the other must be violated in the long run. Let Christian advocates of preparedness take note!"

ENGLAND'S PEACE SOCIETIES

"How large is your band of conscientious objectors?" I asked. "There are 20,000 who have refused to fight. Of this number over 2,000 are in military or civil custody, and being technically 'criminals' they are either in prison at hard labor, or engaged in what is in effect penal work on roads or public enterprises of a professedly non-military character, which is the only kind of work in which the conscientious objector will engage; he refuses to do at long range any military work which he will not do at short range." This has raised a very urgent problem as to the maintenance of the dependents of the men. In many cases their wives and children would suffer acute want but for the organized efforts of the various pacifist groups. "The Fellowship of Reconciliation" Mr. Richards said, "is popularly known as the 'F. O. R.,' but while it came to birth as a Christian reaction against the war spirit, its aims are by no means confined to pacifism; it has a vital positive message wherever there is need for man to be reconciled to his fellows."

"There are other anti-war organizations which bring the aggregate pacifist group well up to 50,000 persons. One of the most powerful of these is the 'N. C. F.,' which is the No-Conscription Fellowship, composed of those who will not respond if drafted, and who are pledged to refuse all services of a military character, whatever the penalties for refusing. The 'N. C. F.' stands simply for liberty of conscience; consequently it never aims at dissuading men from the ranks who feel they ought to be there. It is an organization for common counsel of those who cannot serve in the army because of their allegiance to a Higher Law and a Higher Service. Pamphlets put out by this organization have been interdicted and its publishers fined $500 apiece, in a futile endeavor to cripple the finances of the Fellowship. It is impossible to hold any public meetings against conscription." And in all this, Mr. Richards agrees, the Government is perfectly logical. If pacifist propaganda were to succeed there would be universal refusal to bear arms; and when this comes to pass war will cease. "That is what we are aiming at," he said. "After the war we hope to join hands with men of like mind throughout Europe and in America, and so form a closely knit fellowship pledged to international Brotherhood and other and better forms of service than the destruction of human life and happiness."

"Another active organization is the 'I. L. P.' or Independent Labor Party. It is socialistic in its thinking and criticizes the war on its historic and diplomatic sides. So penetrating indeed is much of this criticism that the Government forbids the transmission of *The Labour Leader*, the organ of the 'I. L. P.' through the post to America or any place abroad. The 'U. D. C.' or Union of Democratic Control is another political organization; it demands that henceforth the people and not diplomats scheming in secret shall decide the issues of war and peace. Some of the incidents of this war against war are illuminating. One of these has attracted considerable notice in the United States. I refer to the ejection of Hon. Bertrand Russell, one of the first thinkers of the day, from the Chair of Philosophy in Trinity College, Cambridge University, and the refusal of his passport by the British Government. Mr. Russell ventured to announce his belief in 'liberty of conscience,' but this is a crime punishable by a severe fine; and Harvard University has thus to forego the course of lectures which this distinguished philosopher was invited to deliver. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that in payment of the fine, the authorities seized the gold medal awarded to Mr. Russell by Columbia University three years ago."

"Questions put in Parliament by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Mr. Philip Snowden and other pacifists brought out the fact that the Government would regard as 'improper literature' selections from Christ's Sermon on the Mount printed without comment or interpretation, if they suspected that the selections were published in the interests of the anti-war cause. All of which," exclaimed my friend, "is quite as it should be. The government recognizes—even if the church does not—that war and Christianity cannot co-exist. The Bishops of the Established Church indeed have been urged by a cynic to place Christianity under a moratorium for the duration of the war!"

"Of course your 'F. O. R.' is not entirely negative in its program," I suggested.

"Far from it," was my friend's vigorous answer. "We believe that only Christ's spirit of reconciliation, lived out in our personal life, and applied to problems as they arise, can ever solve the world's troubles, whether international, social, industrial, educational or otherwise. There may be dire labor troubles after the war is over. The mutterings of discontent indeed are already audible. Wages have increased somewhat, but the increase is far more than offset by the increase in the cost of living, and meanwhile capital is reaping enormous profits out of the war. It is true there is a 'war income tax' that captures any income on war-manufactures exceeding twenty percent., but ways are found to escape this tax, such as putting profits into additional capital expenditure. To prepare against the day of reckoning our fellowship is trying to face the social problem in the light of the Christian ethic, without which we see no hope. But Christianity must

be applied fearlessly and with a full readiness to accept the risks of such a venture. Those risks once took the form of a cross, and until men and nations are willing to let the heroism of Jesus inspire them there will be no exit from the problems of modern life." At present the F. O. R. is engaged in a concrete experiment in character building—a little community of boys and girls picked up from the slums, passed on by the police courts, and taught self-control somewhat after the fashion of George Junior Republics, with this unique feature, however, that the only law of the community is the law of love. It is frankly experimental with a view to testing the application of F. O. R. principles, and already there is reason to be encouraged by the results.

There will doubtless be a demand during the next two months for this eloquent English prophet's services as a speaker to men's clubs, open forums, and on other occasions where his message of moral earnestness is appropriate.

Herbert Atchinson Jump.

From the Congregationalist.

Religion and Truth

There is the need in all men and women of both religion and truth—religion to give hope, courage, ideals, aspiration, and truth to give a large, generous, and above all, a right conception of the universe of man, and of God. Truth or knowledge makes for health and happiness, both material and spiritual. Socrates, one of the world's great prophets and philosophers, made knowledge and goodness identical.

But religion is a matter of feeling, devotion, aspiration, prayer; truth is a matter of the intellect and the imagination, of science, philosophy and art. Religion cannot teach us what is truth, nor can science, philosophy and art, though they may possess a religious beauty, be made a substitute for *religion*.

Truth is reached through search, study, discovery, inference, logic, by the legitimate and persistent use of the intellect and the imagination, and in no other way. For the most part truth comes as the result of a long and painful evolution.

But religion will remain no matter how far the horizon of truth be extended (and surely it shall be far)—there will always be the reaction of the spirit upon the world. So far as we have apprehended it, there will be this passion for the good, this desire for the beautiful, the soul trembling into tenderness and prayer.

Man, even the lowest and most ignorant, feels himself at times invaded by a great soul or presence, and there is the desire to lose himself in this Infinity. Emotions, vast, palpitating, ineffable, sweep over him. He gives himself to wonder, worship, mystery, immortal dreams—to prayer—to *Religion*.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

A BOY'S THOUGHT.

Clouds are the umbrellas of the sun,
And if uphill and down the glade
With them could I as swiftly run,
I should be always in the shade!

Shelbyville, Indiana. ALONZO L. RICE.

Wanted—American Propaganda in Japan

According to a Peking dispatch to newspapers, Japan has protested against the improvement of the Grand Canal of China by the American firm, the Siems-Carey Company of St. Paul. Personally, I have no more patience with this "dog-in-the-manger" attitude on the part of my native country than I have with the same attitude of Americans toward Japanese enterprise on the Pacific Coast, and in Mexico and South America. To our great relief later dispatches from Tokyo contradict the Peking dispatch, and state that Japan has not yet protested, but is inquiring into the question. It is to be hoped that the protest will never be made.

From a purely legal point of view Japan has, it may be argued, the right to object to this American project, for the German-Chinese convention of 1898 with regard to the Shantung Province contains the following article:

"The Chinese Government binds itself, in all cases where foreign assistance, in persons, capital or material may be needed for any purpose whatever, within the Province of Shantung, to offer the said work or supplying of materials in the first instance to German manufacturers and merchants engaged in the undertaking of the kind in question."

Japan may contend that she is, as Germany's successor in the province, entitled to the privilege defined in the article quoted above.

Apart from her legal right, however, Japan will make a grievous mistake in putting her foot upon the American project, which, in my judgment, is purely commercial, unaccompanied with any political ambitions. Moreover, the improvement of the canal is calculated to insure the adjoining country against recurrent inundation, and thus enhance the happiness of a large section of the Chinese population.

At the same time we can well understand why Japan is inclined to check American enterprise in China. In my judgment there are two classes of Japanese who look askance at American activities in the Orient.

The first class consists of those who are really fearful of America's aggressive policy in the Far East. They think that America, not content with the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine in her own hemisphere, is embarking upon an imperialistic career. She is, they fear, stretching her hands across the Pacific, intent upon extending not only her commercial interests but her political influence in China. In Secretary Knox's proposal for the "neutralization" of the Manchurian railways, in his scheme to construct the Chinchow-Aigun Railway, in the Bethlehem Steel Company's project to establish a dockyard in Fukien, not to mention the American occupation of the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines, the Japanese see ominous rise of the United States in world politics. They think that these American activities, like similar activities of European Powers, are not merely commercial, but are attended with political ambitions. They have seen enough of the sinister designs concocted by European Powers upon Korea and China, menacing the very existence of their own empire. In their minds it seems next to impossible to differentiate American enterprise from European. Moreover, American enterprise, backed by unlimited resources and capital, will, they apprehend, sooner or later drive Japanese trade and enterprise in China to the wall, if Japan does not take

measures of self-protection against its onslaught. All European investors in China have enjoyed the backing of their respective governments. The railways they have built in China are as much political railways as they are commercial. The concessions they have wrested from Peking also have political meaning. Will not the same unfortunate situation develop from American investments in Chinese railways and canals and mines?

The second class of Japanese who object to American activities in China, are those who are not only apprehensive of American "imperialism," but are desirous of showing the Americans what Japan can do in the way of retaliation. Their mood is one of resentment and defiance as well as fear. They have been resenting America's discrimination against the Japanese and her eagerness to forestall any Japanese enterprise, however insignificant and innocent, in Mexico and even in South America. They have been deeply annoyed by the cry of "Wolf!" raised by the publicists at Washington and a large number of American newspapers every time Japan takes a step on the Asian mainland. "Let us show these troublesome, meddling Yankees what we can do to them if they insist upon annoying us all the time with no justification whatever," is the sentiment of these people. The Japanese are but human. You cannot expect them to turn their left cheeks to you after you have slapped them on their right cheeks. They can understand you when you raise an issue over Japanese immigration to your own country, but they do not understand, and will never understand, why on earth you have to pursue them in Mexico and South America, and make so much ado about them, when there is nothing to make a fuss about. You know as well as anybody under the sun that there was no truth in the much exploited story of the Japanese designs upon Magdalena Bay; and yet one of your foremost publicists introduced a resolution in the Senate at Washington declaring that the United States could not see without grave concern the acquisition of any harbor on the American continent by a foreign corporation "which has such relations to another government, not American, as to give that country practical control for military or naval purposes." Do you expect the Japanese to sit quiet under such an unwarranted rebuff, and let American firms, powerful enough to invoke the assistance of your Government at any necessary moment to protect their investments, do as they please in China? If you do you are saints, not ordinary human beings, and we common mortals cannot undertake to fathom your mental depth. Your newspapers ever and anon raise the cry of the Japanese peril over insignificant Japanese emigration to Mexico and South America, where the Japanese are welcomed, arguing that, though they are as yet harmless, they may in the future prove a source of trouble likely to provoke international complications between Japan and some Latin American country, which in turn may embarrass the United States on account of the Monroe Doctrine. If American newspapers and publicists are justified in resorting to such fatuous arguments with regard to the Japanese emigration to Latin America, the Japanese may with equal justification argue that the inflow of American capital into China may prove the cause of international complications, and therefore must be checked. If we have to trouble ourselves with such childish arguments, we had better destroy steamships, cut off the cables, and return to the happy isolation of the medieval ages, wherein the natives would have but scant intercourse, each being self-satisfied and self-sufficient. I am sure that President Monroe never dreamed of saying and doing what you are saying and doing about the Japanese today.

This unfortunate state of American-Japanese relations cannot continue much longer, if the two countries are to remain friendly, as they certainly must. In the name of international amity and peace, then, I suggest that America institute in Japan a propaganda for mutual understanding, a campaign for enlightenment.

America should send to Japan a man, not a diplomatic official but a private citizen, not a mediocre man, but a brilliant, versatile, resourceful man, whose view is broad, whose knowledge of American history and of international relations is not superficial. Such a man should explain in speeches and through newspapers and magazines America's real policy and attitude toward China and Japan. He should employ one or two competent Japanese interpreters and translators, and present his views to the Japanese public, not in English but in Japanese. For in these busy days, for they are busy even in Japan, no Japanese newspaper or magazine editor would take the trouble to pore over English manuscripts and translate them for publication.

It is strange that this idea has not long since occurred to peace organizations of this country. The Japanese misunderstand America just as much as the Americans misunderstand Japan. And mutual misunderstanding has already brought the two countries to a point where neither is quite sure of permanent peace. The moment is certainly critical, and the public-spirited men on both sides should exercise the utmost influence to preserve what is left of the former cordial relationship between the two nations.

With the question of prepardeness uppermost in the minds of the Americans, wild stories about alleged Japanese ambitions have been so freely published in many American newspapers, that the Japanese feel almost sure that the American press, in unison with "big interests," are engaged in a conspiracy for discrediting and slandering Japan. I need not recount here how many imaginary sins the Japanese have been accused of committing since the prepardeness question became America's foremost issue. Even before the launching of the preparedness propaganda in this country, Japan had long been treated badly enough. As Mr. George Kennan says in the *New York Outlook*: "Beginning with the San Francisco public school troubles, the Japanese have been accused of preparing for war with us by buying 750,000 rifles from the Crucible Steel Company (1908); of plotting against us in Hawaii and the Philippines (1909); of excluding Americans from the Manchurian mining field (1909); of discriminating against our commerce by means of transportation rebates on the Manchurian railways (1909); of seeking to monopolize the truck-farming lands in California (1909); of sinking the dry-dock Dewey in Manila Bay (1910); of planting mines in that same bay (1910); of taking soundings and making charts of Californian harbors (1910); of secretly conspiring with Mexico against us (1911); of attempting to secure Magdalena Bay, in Lower Cali-

fornia, for a naval base (1911); of secretly taking photographs and making maps on the coasts of Alaska (1911); of trying to get supreme control in Manchuria under pretense of fighting the bubonic plague (1911); of conspiring with Mexican insurgents against us (1912); of persecuting the American missionaries in Korea and trying to abolish Christianity there (1912); of conspiring with Germany to overthrow the Monroe Doctrine (1912); of attacking the American consul in Newchang (1912); of forming an alliance with our west coast Indians against us (1912); of threatening to attack Java, and thus compelling the Dutch to seek our support (1912); of trying to buy Lower California from Huerta (1914); of attempting to get spies into the fortifications of the Panama Canal (1915); of seeking to secure a foothold in Lower California by running a vessel ashore there and sending warships to assist in salvage operations (1916); of conspiring with Germany to get control of the San Blas Indian lands in Panama (1916)."

Add to the list the wild stories of 200,000 Japanese soldiers in Mexico; of Japanese firing at the American troops at Mazatlan; of the Japanese Government supplying Mexico with arms and ammunition; of Japan scheming to make Mexico her ally; of Japanese diplomats guiding Carranza's handwriting protests against America's punitive expedition into Mexico; of the Japanese in California urging the Carranza Government to declare war upon the United States, and so on and so forth, and you can understand how the Japanese feel about your activities in China and the Philippines. No longer are sensational stories about "Japanese designs" upon America the monopoly of your yellow journals. We who are sincerely desirous of maintaining amicable relations between the two countries are almost dumbfounded by the utterly false charges that have been heaped upon Japan and the Japanese. Scanning the news translated from your daily papers, and reading the brief cable dispatches that daily cross the Pacific and find publication in Japanese newspapers, the masses of Japan have almost been led to think that the American Government and people have made up their minds to wage war, an aggressive war, against Japan. Is it your intention to let the situation drift where it may?

If you are going to institute a propaganda in my native country you must have something definite to tell my countrymen. Peace cannot be maintained by talking peace. If I were you I would go to Japan and talk to the Japanese somewhat like this:

"It is unfortunate that we cannot get along more amicably with you. We can fully appreciate your opposition to our activities in China. But we want you to understand that our enterprise is purely economic and has no political significance. Our traditional foreign policy forbids our Government to back any enterprise calculated to interfere with the internal administration of any foreign country. True, we have been obliged to assume the control of the Philippines, but that was not because we harbored any territorial ambitions. Our history clearly shows this. As for your activities in Mexico and South America, we shall not hinder them as long as they are economic, just as our activities in China are economic. We deeply regret that some of our publicists and newspapers have made so much fuss about your innocent enterprise in Mexico, and we are frank enough to apologize for it. Our Government and those of our publicists who are well informed understand your intentions and have no objection to your bona fide enterprise in Latin America. We regret that the preparedness propaganda has brought in its train sensational stories about your alleged ambitions both in Mexico and in China, but I hope you will understand that this is only one of the many unfortunate aspects of democracy. We Americans all know that our preparedness program has been adopted, not for any aggressive purpose or with an eye upon any particular foreign nation, but in a democracy like ours we cannot move the huge unwieldly mass of people into action unless we convince them of the necessity of immediate action by concrete examples. That is why you have been unfortunate enough to be picked out and exploited as one of our possible enemies. We also deeply regret that your countrymen in California have been discriminated against by laws of the State. We wish that the situation could be immediately remedied by extending citizenship to your countrymen in our country. But here again we have to encounter the difficulties of democracy. Our Government and many of our publicists have no objection to granting citizenship to the Japanese, and we trust that steps toward that end will be taken at an opportune moment. We appreciate your hearty co-operation in restricting the emigration of your laborers to our country. At the same time we realize your resentment of our discriminatory measures against Japanese immigration, but these measures are necessitated by economic reasons, not racial. We earnestly hope that time may come when the economic standards of your working class will be so elevated as to obviate the necessity of such discriminatory measures on our part. The solution of such questions requires much time, and both you and we must be patient. In the meantime you may rest assured that we shall do all in our power to remove the cause of irritation between the two countries, and we trust you will not hesitate to co-operate with us, as you so loyally have in the past."

This, in fact, is what we, who have access to Japanese newspapers, have been telling our compatriots in Japan. Are not Americans ready to join us and speak to the Japanese with sincerity, sympathy, frankness and in conciliatory spirit? Is not America willing to send to Japan some such definite message as I have suggested? The message, to be effective, must be repeated, propounded and driven home to the Japanese public. It will not do to throw it into thin air and leave it to the mercy of the winds. The task is imperative. Unless public-spirited Americans address themselves to it with earnestness, the relations between the two countries will be fraught with dangers, which no preparedness program, however gigantic, will succeed in removing. There are blatant bigoted Japanese who would not listen to sane reasoning of Americans, just as there are blatant bigoted Americans whose eyes are closed and whose ears are sealed against light and information. In the final decision of great issues, however, such men do not count for much. The majority of the Japanese people will certainly welcome your sympathetic sincere efforts for enlightenment, just as the majority of the American people welcome the sincere efforts of the Japanese for the promotion of mutual understanding.

K. K. KAWAKAMI.

Author of "American-Japanese Relations," "Asia at the Door," etc.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

GOOD TALKING POINTS FOR THE UNITED CHARITIES OF CHICAGO.

14,506 families befriended in year ended September 30, 1916.

Over 65,000 persons in these families.

Practically no able-bodied men in them.

The men are sick, injured, dead, insane or in prison.

An average of 100 different families ask for help each day right now.

The coming winter months will certainly bring a steady increase in number of families asking for help.

People who are enjoying prosperity just now are very apt to forget that in the second city of the United States there is bound to be considerable "normal poverty"—yes, a lot of genuine suffering.

Our borrowing capacity at the present time is practically exhausted.

We have cut every department to the bone; we cannot cut more without having to refuse care to some families. If we do that, it becomes hard to discriminate because they are all really in need.

Our necessary expenditures run around $25,000 per month.

We are holding up grocery, rent and medicine bills that are over-due.

We have 20 departments—many of them so nicely dovetailed that overhead expense is reduced to the lowest point.

We collect funds through mail and help of Board Members and District Committees.

Our Collection Cost is less than 3 per cent which is lower than most societies of our sort, as far as we have record of the facts.

Administrative salaries in the Relief & Family Rehabilitation Department (in last fiscal year) were only 4.6 per cent of the total expenditures of $331,000.

Our endowment nets us only $25,000 yearly; balance is contributed by citizens.

The United Charities believes in Trained Personal Service, not merely in Material Relief—because Poverty Problems are Complicated and cannot be solved by "Sleight-of-Hand" Methods.

PEACE CONFERENCES AFTER THE WAR?

The Editors of "Holland News" have submitted the following questions to a number of persons of great international reputation:

1. Do you think it desirable and possible that the work of the Hague Conferences shall be continued after the war, so that they may realize what the Czar laid down in his manifesto of the 24th of August 1898. "to seek by means of international discussion the most effectual means of ensuring to all peoples the benefits of a real and durable peace and, above all, of putting an end to the progressive development of the present armaments."

2. Do you think it desirable and possible that in connection with the peace negotiations a World's Conference shall be held in which the Neutrals shall be represented; a third Hague Conference, which will create international machinery to prevent further wars (periodical Hague Conferences, International Court of Justice, International Court of Conciliation) and which will remove some of the causes of the actual war (by concluding treaties concerning the open door in the colonies, limitation of armaments, freedom of the seas, abolition of secret treaties)?

3. Do you think it desirable and possible that at this third Hague Conference a treaty shall be made to ensure compliance with International Law through joint military or economical measures against the State that violates Law and breaks Peace?

No less than 165 answers reached the Committee coming from 18 different countries.

From *The Holland News*, published at The Hague, September 15, 1916.

CURRENT POETRY.

Six Readings by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

In the Parsonage, on the fifth floor, beginning Monday, October 30th, at 7:45 p. m. No admission fee.

What is this might, this mystery
Moving and singing through democracy,
This music of the masses
And of you and me—
But purging and dynamic poetry.
Witter Bynner.

1. At the Battle Front—
"Till at the grave of War all peoples stand
And plant the rose of universal Love."
Zangwill.

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A Human Being, of an unknown splendor,
Is she who is to come."
Gilman.

3. From Over the Seas—
"Nations of darers and dreamers,
Scions of singers and seers,
Our peers, and more than our peers."
Schauffler.

4. With the Toilers—
"..the Toilers, scourged on in the furrow as cattle,
Or flung as a meat to the cannon that hunger in battle."
Markham.

5. Out of Doors—
"Deep in the meadows I would sing a song,
The shallow brook my tuning fork, the birds
My masters."
Ledwidge.

6. In the Foreground
"Beauty, the passion of the Universe,
Flames with its joy, a thing too great for tears."
Untermeyer.

READINGS IN BROWNING.

The Browning Class, conducted by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, will hold its first meeting of the season in the Civics Room on the fourth floor, Monday, Nov. 6th, 3:30 p. m. Meetings every Monday.

Fee, $2.00 *for the Season.*

PROGRAM

1. Minutes of Previous Meeting.
2. Quotations from Previous Reading.
3. Selected Short Poem of or from Browning.
4. Reading from Paracelsus.

"I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
I ask not, but unless God send his hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird. In his good time!"
Paracelsus.

CHICAGO.

Bright lights gleaming on the Lake;
Sounds that sort of seem to make
Something deep within you break.
That's Chicago.

Stir and bustle of the streets;
Baseball, aviation meets;
Cars without sufficient seats.
That's Chicago.

Great green parks for outings fine;
Fresh Lake breezes—just divine;
Arc light and electric sign.
That's Chicago.

Lake front with its smoky view;
Sky-line with its golden hue;
City of your dreams come true.
That's Chicago.

Keep thy fame unsullied, and
Thy renown spread o'er the Land,
Noblest of a noble band.
My Chicago.

—*John Bradford Main.*

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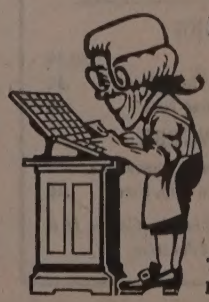

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FROM ADVANCE SHEETS OF

"Love for the Battle-torn Peoples"

INTRODUCTION

I do not know when I have read a more interesting collection of chapters than those in Dr. Jones' book, "Love for the Battle-torn Peoples." They are true, and truth is always interesting. Half-truths are dull, and most writing is only half-truths. It is only the prophet who speaks the whole truth, and Dr. Jones is one of the prophets. No outworn shibboleths for him; no reposing in medieval formulas of thought; no clinging to customs simply because they are ancient; no allegiance to a thought because the mob holds it; no meeting of twentieth century problems with outgrown weapons. There is nothing of these things here. There is only thought that transcends conventions; love that spreads far beyond national boundaries; vision that appreciates the great human-divine soul of man in every land; patriotism that claims the foreigner as a brother to be loved rather than the enemy to be killed.

Dr. Jones finds something to be loved in the people of every land. He is perfectly right in his judgment. The people of Europe had nothing to do with bringing on this war. The Germans did not hate Englishmen and Frenchmen. It was a handful of so-called statesmen who did it all, and it is only a few statesmen, editors and generals who hate other nations and egg their peoples into war. The path to peace lies through the hearts and minds of the people. These men who are killing one another in the trenches, put them all together, dress them as civilians, get the officials out of the way and they would have as happy a time as children at a Sunday School picnic. Peoples are already much the same, and *brothers;* governments emphasize differences, fan false patriotism, shout national ambitions, and are *enemies* of one another.

I do not recall any other book which brings out so strikingly the finest characteristics of each nation as does this. Here we see the real German, the real Russian, the real Frenchman and so on, and they are all lovable and have high qualities. Would that such a book as this could be put into the hands of our school children. It would not only make for their good-will toward the peoples of other lands, but would vastly increase their appreciation of the neighbor who lives next door.

FREDERICK LYNCH, D.D.

New York City, August 1, 1916.